

A N
O D E
O N T H E
B I R T H - D A Y
O F H I S
R O Y A L H I G H N E S S
G E O R G E, P R I N C E o f W A L E S.

4th JUNE, 1760.

By J O H N L O C K M A N.

SECRETARY to the SOCIETY of the FREE BRITISH FISHERY.

Presented to His ROYAL HIGHNESS at Savile-House.

*Felix illa dies, totumque canenda per orbem,
Quæ tibi vitales cum primum traderet auras,
Contulit innumeras intra tua pectora dotes.*

*Quod si digna tua minus mea pagina laude,
At voluisse sat est. Animum, non carmina jacto.
Tu modo lætus ades, forsan meliora canemus:
Et vires dabit ipse favor.*

LUCAN.

L O N D O N:

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I.

O'ERJOY'D, my artless Lyre I strung,
And prostrate at the *Muses'* Shrine,

Bid loyal Sounds inspire my Tongue ;

Then sang the glorious FIFTY-NINE.

Britannia's Triumphs, *Gallia's* Woes,

Gave Vigour to my honest Lays.

Now MINDEN: now QUEBEC arose:

Themes worthy of immortal Praise!

A 2

Illustrious

II.

Illustrious PRINCE! Thy Natal-Day
Wakes as warm Transports in my Breast.
I'm now in Visions borne away;
In regal Splendors see Thee drest:
See Thee, as God's Vice-gerent sent,
Delighting Millions with Thy Smile:
See Thee, th' unnumber'd Blessings lent,
Dispensing, bounteous, thro' our Isle.

III.

Dearly We prize Thee :---Yet, O late
May'st Thou ascend Thy GRANDSIRE's Throne!
Indulge our Wish, (benignant Fate!)
Long may His Goodness here be shown:
GOODNESS! first Attribute of Heaven:
Blest Source whence ev'ry Comfort springs;
Goodness! to Souls æthereal given,
Who form, on Earth, the worthiest Kings.

Long

IV.

Long live our LIEGE, Thy Steps to guide

Through all the mazy Paths of State!

May'ft Thou His Royal Cares divide:

Thence learn, how vaft an Empire's Weight:

Thence know, why Kings are plac'd on high:—

Not to prefide in Pleasure's Court,

But fent as Angels from the Sky,

Peace, Juftice, Order to fupport.

V.

If aught below can Worſhip claim,

'Tis to thoſe Patriot SOVEREIGNS due,

Whom no ambitious Plans inflame,

A Nation's Weal Their darling View:

Who, though of each rich Boon poſſeſs'd,

Mortals can crave, or Heaven beſtow,

Yet lodge Compaſſion in Their Breaſt,

And feel for ev'ry good Man's Woe.

But

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VI.

But should *Rebellion* lift her Spear,
 And menace Ruin thro' the Land:
 Or dire *Invasion's* Sons appear,
 In hostile Squadrons o'er the Strand:
 Then wou'd that SPIRIT take th' Alarm,
 And instant fir'd with gen'rous Rage,
 Bid Patriot-Bands, exulting, arm;
 And War, 'gainst the Destroyers, wage.

VII.

These crush'd, and Halcyon *Peace* restor'd,
 This SPIRIT wou'd the *Arts* advance:
 Grant them Protection, un-implor'd;
 Not leave their Progress to blind Chance.
 First Those of *Use*, Man's Life to cheer,
 And *Nature's* blissful Gifts refine:
Arts, which Society endear,
 And speak Their Origin divine.

Next

VIII.

Next would the *Sister-Arts* revive;
 And *Science* lift her radiant Head:
Freedom rejoice, and *Commerce* thrive;
 And *Industry* Her Treasures spread.
Pomona, *Ceres*, Hand in Hand,
 With Plenty, there, would crown the Plains.—
 Thrice blest the People! blest the Land,
 Where this celestial SPIRIT reigns!

IX.

To sound forth such a Monarch's Praise,
 Ten Times ten thousand Voices rise.
 Enraptur'd, each His Tribute pays:
 Thus swell the Chorus to the Skies.---
 Young PRINCE! whom all the Virtues grace,
 Be this prophetic of Thy Fame!--
 What Glories I in Fancy trace!--
 Some future *Muse* shall these proclaim.

F I N I S.